DIONYSUS.

Higher and more keen
In this thing, though their ways are not thy way,

PENTHEUS.

How is thy worship held, by night or day
I

DIONYSUS.

Most oft by night; 'tis a majestic thing,
The darkness.

PENTHEUS.

Ha! with women worshipping ?
*Tis craft and rottenness 1

DIONYSUS.

By day no less,
Whoso will seek may *find* unholiness.

PENTHEUS.

Enough ! Thy doom is fixed, for false pretence
Corrupting Thebes,

DIONYSUS.

Not mine; hut thine, for dense
Blindness of heart, and for blaspheming God J

PENTHEUS.

A ready knave it is, and brazen-browed,
This mystery-priest I

DIONYSUS.

Come, say what it shall be,
My doom 5 what dire thing wilt thou do to me *i*